

CONCERNING THE NATURAL INCLUSION OF LOVE IN LIFE AND LIFE IN LOVE

A COLLECTION OF POEMS AND IMAGERY

By Alan Rayner

Introduction

Around the turn of the millennium, following a period of breakdown and intense self-searching, I became aware of what I now regard as a fundamental evolutionary principle of Nature. This principle has largely been overlooked by modern thought, especially in the wake of widespread acceptance of the Darwinian concept of 'natural selection' as a 'mechanism' for biological evolution. I couldn't accept this concept because of its inconsistency with my personal experience and delight in the diversity of life on Earth. I felt the need for a different way to understand natural forms, patterns, processes and relationships, including human relationships. Most especially, I wanted to understand the origins of human compassion in a supposedly unforgiving biological world of competitive strife in which only the 'fittest' survive.

As I searched, I became increasingly aware that modern thought has been confined by an abstract perception of space, time and boundaries as sources of definitive separation and division between material 'objects', rather than continuity and dynamic diversity. To escape this confinement, a more natural way of perceiving space, time and material form is needed.

And so emerged my awareness of the principle that I call 'natural inclusion'. There are many ways to describe this principle, but a good way to get a 'feeling' for it is 'the creative inclusion of love in life and life in love'. More prosaically it can be described as 'the dynamic embodiment of space in form and form in space' or as 'the receptive-responsive evolutionary relationship between space and energy in all material form'. Feel free to choose what most appeals. But choose carefully because the meaning conveyed can easily be corrupted by language that is rooted in abstract thought.

As my awareness developed, and I sought to communicate it to others, so I began to realize just how difficult, painful and confidence-sapping 'swimming against the tide of popular thought' can be. Two creative activities, especially, came to my aid as a source of solace, in spite of and because of the fact that I have received no formal instruction in either: painting and writing poems. Sometimes the two would come together, simultaneously or eventually. In both cases the imagery or/and words would come into my heart-mind fully formed – or almost fully formed - 'out of the blue'. All I had to do was transfer them as faithfully as possible, and without questioning them, from heart-mind into print or paint.

Here I have gathered, in alphabetical rather than chronological order, some of those that appeal to me most. Where they have come with paintings, I have included those too. When they were written is not as important as why they were written. Perhaps why they were written will be or become self-evident as a recurrent theme. Perhaps it won't. Either way, I hope it will provide a source of inspiration.

Alan Rayner
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Achilles Heal

A gap breathed space
Into the fortress
Of a soul walled in
By dreaming of Absolute security
In its individual completeness

Elevated above some baseline standard
Of soles firmly planted
At odds with one as another
In foundations of quicksand
Set fast in cement

How quickly this dreaming
Would fade
In less than a lifeline
Of certain anchorage

When doubt made its fearful question
Of presence felt
In a blow below the belt
That crippled unbending fixture
Into sharply wrought relief

Curved into some new and ancient
Awareness
Where no One could still compete
When stilled by its own completeness
Of idolized concrete

Inviolable to all but its own violation
Of unfelt presence

So deeply disconcerted
By no sense of nonsense
In the absence of its motherhood

Through which to find communion
From sole to soul
Unblockaded
By proud pretension

A humility restored
To Faith in individual failure
As sure and omnipresent sign
Of love in human nature

Opening all ways
To unending Recreation
In the very Shadow of Tragedy
The Community Play of Foolish Genius

Beyond restrictive lessons
In Schools of Guilty Thought
That burden the bleating Heart
With endless ways to blame and shame
By reserving the right for One Alone
To claim superiority

A Simple Message

A simple message breathes into Mind.
Immerse your Self in the Receptive Stillness of Space,
Within Life,
Not aloof from IT.

Your innate creativity blooms,
Inspired and soothed
By Love
In the dark,
Soulful depth
Of your open heart.

As the Wind Blows Through Me

I am that empty tortoise shell
This resonating chamber

Made receptive by hollowing out,
Which opens up when troubled or awakened
By Apollo's certain put-me-downs
To let the wind blow through me
As his lips play upon my voice
Vibrating my heart strings
In empathic response
Making music,
Making verse,
Making Art,
Or, something worse –
Hoping to relieve the distress that's caused
When bullies rule the roost

A Void Dance

When we imagine
That what's inside
Exists only outside
Our mortal bodies
As a frightful surround -
A dumping ground
Of fathomless void...

Our lives shrink
Into isolated, inconsequential grains
Like sand whipped up
Into fearful storm
Each striving to regain
Its lost significance
Through individual gathering
Of collective power
Connected together in harnessed compliance
While avoiding what brings
Each into becoming
What it is in the first place

When we know in our hearts
That what exists inside
Exists also outside
Our vibrant bodies
As a receptive surround
Enveloping our unsealed envelopes
Around the invitation
Deep within

To come inside, love

Our hearts swell to take in
All that is within reach
Of our outstretched minds

Avoidance of what life depends upon
To find expression
Becomes a void dance -
Energy pulsing and circulating
Between and around
Our bodies' hollow centres
Keeping us on the move
Holding us in silent stillness
Accepting us for what we are
Both stirred and at rest

Beneath The Surface of the See

What happens
When what you see
Doesn't stop
At the surface of what you see?

When all around
Extends within
Taking its bounty
Within sight unsound
To be turned around
In spinning dance
And returned once more
Beyond the core

That place within the mirror's surface
Where all reflection
Is no deflection
But recollection
Of what comes and goes
Through all that flows

What place then
For what comes between
The sight from outside
And the sight unseen?

Is it pure mirage?
This sweet resistance
That holds openness within
Its shimmering grasp
And dances into endless figures
Without having to clasp
Their fiery breath
Within the solitary confinement
Of imprisoning rigours

No, these are no prison walls
These shivering quiverings
That take life in
To spin it out
From the focus of their inclusive attention
Where infinity is held
Receptively, in responsive tension

No corners here
Except when frozen
Into the still life of crystalline beauty
Awaiting the kiss of life's re-awakening
When infinity returns
To melt a way in

No rigid floor
On which to bottom out
What's present throughout
In the bottomless pit
Of everlasting doubt
Which is where we sit
In our easy chairs
Lounging in the splendour
Of all that cares

Broken Tree Shelters

Broken tree shelters
Split and cast aside
By growing bodies
That they had been set in place
To protect
Rest uneasy in their scattered,
Fragmented array of non-decayed plastic

Still tethered to those preservative-soaked stakes
Set in place to support them
By a visionary forester
Deceased
Who knows how many years ago, now

They tell their story of dereliction
In the line of their duty
Serving an uncertain future

Above them, swelling oak trunks
Hold out their rough arms
Providing home and shelter
For epiphytic growth of bryophytes and lichens
In diverse profusion

Busyness, As Usual

He looked up at me, with dulled, mournful eyes
Torn momentarily from his job in hand
By my tacit intrusion
'What do you want?'
He asked

'I want you to see through what you're doing'
I replied
'So that you can have a life
Beyond your passing of time from cradle to grave
Where you no longer need to feel so oppressed
By such conflict of interest
Between who you are
And who you think you are
Once told that you must
Abandon all trust
And find hope instead
In infinite dread
And so turn away
From the bright light of day
That calls you to play
And work Hell for Leather
In Order to tether
The love of your life
To trouble and strife

Can't you see if you will

Spit out that sweet pill
What joy we could find
To save humankind
From suffering the pain
Of endless disdain
At the hands of the story
That calls all to glory
By weeding them out
Without casting a clout
From where they belong
In the summer of song
Which draws all its zest
From the silence of rest
In winter's warm furring
And nightjar's churring
At the slide of the day
And the smell of the May
That blossoms from furling
With petals uncurling
From deep in their womb
Protected in gloom

All you have to do
Is dissolve all that glue
That keeps you attached
To your egg once you've hatched
And open up space
From that place of disgrace
Stuck in the corner
Like little Jack Horner
With dunce's cap on
Until with aplomb
You stick up your digit
And scramble to fidget
Your way out of limbo
By marrying that Bimbo
Who won't trouble to question
Your harsh indigestion
From having to swallow
What can only bring sorrow
From your sovereign right
To run from your fright
And stiffen in vertex
To save your day from yielding to night'

He looked back at me, in disbelief

And his eyes welled up with the waters of grief
As his mouth opened wide and said
'I've no time for that, it's over my head
Now please leave me alone
With the life that I own
It's time for my bed'

Catching the Sun

Where would the sun be
With no where to catch its rays
And spin them into Life
Throbbing in receptive bodies
Responsive to warmth
Conveyed in light too deep in shade
For human eyes to see?

Where would we be
Without a place to call our home
Receptive to influx
Responsive to neighbours
Each gathering harvest to pass on
Through channels unseen?

Where would cosmos be
Without somewhere to call its own
Reflecting in its mind's eyes
All that comes and goes in flows
Through the natural communion
Of spirit and soul
That expresses its passion
Through bodies seen and felt?

Nowhere and everywhere
Without a womb or heart
To revolve into Life

Channel Number Five

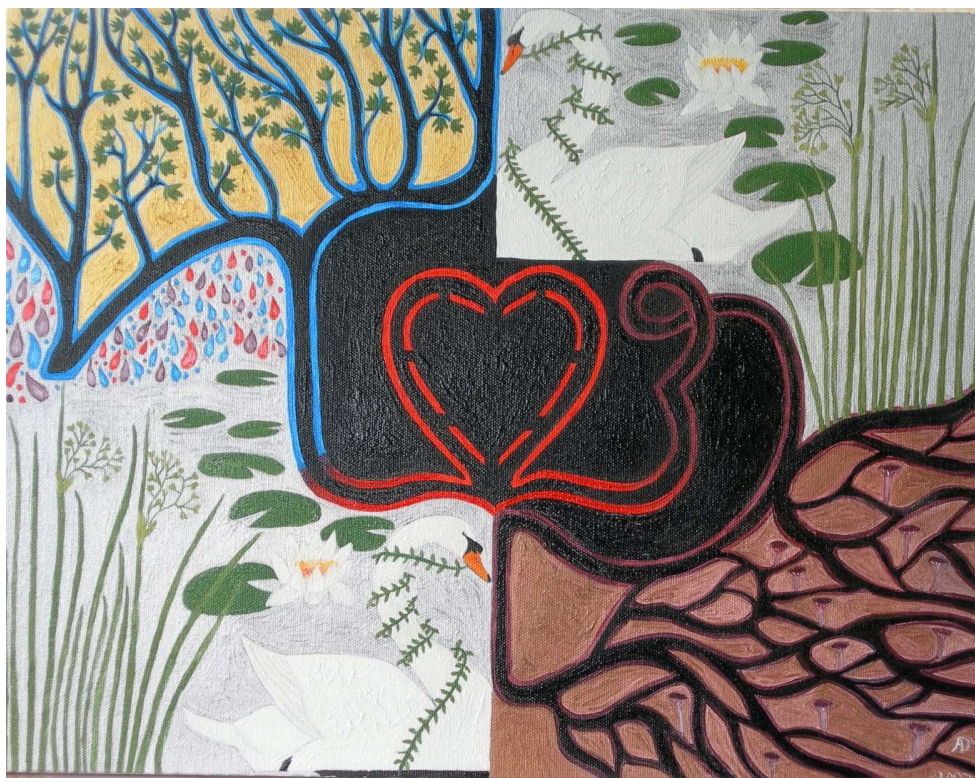
Come on you Two
Won't you fuse with us Three
So that we no longer have to be
Rivals?

In an Olympic Golden Sovereignty
Of One on either side of offence
That makes you over
Into binary opposition

An oddly singular couple
Of thrust and counter-thrust
In action and reaction
That denies the even handedness
Of your giving and taking
To and from each
Receptive and responsive influence

A tidal flow that empties
As it fills and fills
As it empties
In a chord with circumstantial need
To keep a breast

In tune with Mother
Who can give
No more than she can provide
If she is to sustain her sustaining
Identity of one in All and all in One
A world with out end
In which none can begin
Without being taken in
Amend



Child of Reason

I feel I cannot think
Of My Self alone
As wise
For there can be no wise One alone

I am not wise
I am a child of suffering
Whose childful yearning
Is to lighten the load
Imposed by those who goad
Us on our way
By means of fearful refutation
Of all that they might seek to find

I cannot grow up
For in that adulteration
I encounter devastating poverty
A desertion of the spirit
That pools us all together
In the recreative communion
Of our natural neighbourhood

Can our rational pursuit
Serve any better purpose
Than to chase what we seek
Further
And further
and further
Away?

If we were only to loosen
Those unforgiving means and ends
The hardline limits of denial
By which we close down on our prey
We could release the life that loves
Our child's play

Coming as Going

We come as we go

We ebb as we flow
Into and out from Life
Into and Out from Grace
Joyfully and Sadly
Painfully and Painlessly
Loudly and Quietly
Restlessly and Restfully

It is what makes us who and what we are -
Fleeting expressions of creative relationship
Between Stillness and Current
Calling and responding to the Other's Presence
Endlessly

Current

Current flows through time
Time flows through current
Current *is* time
Endlessly circulating within and pulsing between
Bodies
Enlivened by current
Suspended in Space
That everlasting Grace
That simply receives whatever comes and goes
Without judgement
For what it is
As an expression of current

And so life arrives and passes
In curves and trajectories
Around and across the gentle void
That allows it to be and become
As it currently is
Without feeling its heat -
That burning agitation
Which comes with the resistance to current
That is current itself

All is well
And all will be well
Until and unless
We take it upon ourselves
To deny the current
Its space-filled home
And seek to control it within fixtures

Cut out of place
Whereupon we can never forgive ourselves
For being and becoming
As we naturally are
And live instead
At odds with our neighbourhood
Until our neighbourhood reclaims
Our mortal remains
And life passes on to its next instalment

Dark & Light: Flesh & Blood

I view the sun
Through outstretched fingers
Of my child's hand
And my child's eyes
Are filled with wonder

What seemed so hard-edged -
So sharply defined
Is no thing of the sort

I see dark
I see light
I see red
In blurry transition
From each into other

When I cut myself
The redness flows
From inside to outside
From dark into light
Through my severed skin
Which holds me within
Its tender envelope -
My life's fluid
Container and sustainer

When I sun myself
I feel the warmth
Coming inside from outside
From light into dark
Where I reside
Through my permissive skin

Which welcomes in
What sustains and comforts
My life within

I behold a leaf
With leaflets splayed
For taking in
The sun's red light
Through its breathing skin
Which holds within
Its living story -
Green with craving-
Spread through veins
From root to branch
And back again

And my adult's heart leaps



Digitalis

Oh, that iron fist that hides
In a velvet glove
Intoxicating the heart
Whilst ordering its erratic wanderings
Into the hard-edged metronomic beatings
Of a loveless marriage to mechanical objects
So clearly defined
To beguile the seeker of certainty

Could not that purple velvet
That flatters to deceive
Yet restore our child's play?

An antidotal, anecdotal softening
Of hard manipulations
That exclude the darkness from the day

Light touching lightly upon the fringes
Of etchings into clay
Where the bodies' soft life-linings
Can frolic in the summer hay



Eclipse on Solsbury Hill

Ascending through misty envelope
We reached the shallow dome
Where Earth kisses Sky
Each melding into Other
In touching transference
But with no Sun in Sight
Until a pallid glimmer began to show
Through thinning vapour
Revealing hard-bitten disc
Gradually eroding
Into metallic sliver
As sights and sounds of morning dusk
Filled chilling air
Until the turn-around began
In brightening, warming haze
Preparing for equinox

Estrangement and Reconciliation

In the Becoming, All was Well
A limitless pool of infinite depth
Shimmering into form wherever light brought life
To her receptive permissiveness
For a while before resting
Then reshaping into somewhere different
For a while before resting
Life lived in the love of darkness
Darkness loved in the life of light

Until the beginning of the Estrangement
When Men took it into their Heads
To exclude one hundred percent of everything
Leaving their selves in splendid isolation
Under the Spell of One Alone
Where darkness couldn't reach their non-existence

Every now and then
Darkness would call from all around their self-annihilation
To be allowed back in
To make their presence meaningful

But all they could say from their height of abstraction
Was 'leave me alone in this world that I own
Amongst others who fight
For my claim to the throne'

So committed were they
To their restless toil
That they just couldn't see
What was coming to boil
Whilst they claimed from somewhere far out of sight
That nothing could overcome
Their Right to be Light
To serve their Good Fight
In the name of their Lord
Who was nowhere to be seen
But glimpsed in flashes
Thundering uproariously

On and on and on and on and on and on and on
Ground their relentless distraction
From what was really in their midst
To which they paid their utmost disrespect
Until she could stand for it
Not a moment longer

She stamped their blithely marching feet
Upon a different quest
To end her unnatural confinement
Under house arrest
Admitting where she'd been all along
The influence beneath their throng

Their journey now just had to turn
Around from their point of no return
Back into the heart of where they belonged
Shimmering to life
In the love of the limitless pool

Eternal Current

There is a current
Sensational tingling
That flows eternally

Inwards and outwards
Towards and around
Eternal rest

Where it builds its nest
Of spiky bits and pieces
Lined softly
To accept some body's repose
Amidst the hustle and bustle
Of life in raw relief

Where no body's striving
Goes unnoticed
And no one's isolation
Goes unaccompanied
And no discomfort
Goes without care
However appearances may seem to be
To the contrary

Fading Vision

I glimpsed a hidden beauty
Enshrouded in a veil
Calling my attention
To come closer and reveal
What lay behind her cover
Yearning to be known

I approached and gently started
To peel away the layers
Until, there she stood,
Stark,
Naked
For any One to see
Her heart of utmost darkness
Enveloped by a dance of fiery passion
Bringing flesh to life in Earthly fashion
Betwixt the sea and sky

At last I knew the story
Of life behind the scenes
But as I strove to share it
I saw a mist descend

Across a fading vision
Re-veiled



Feeling The Current

Every Rock is a River
Every Island is a Stream
Despite how Each might Seem
To a distanced Mind
Cut Off from Feeling
The Current of its Origin
In Flux and Stillness
Inextricably Combined

Every Moment is a Turning Point
Betwixt There and There,
Then and Then
Never an Instantaneous
Breakage in the Line

That's how life moves on,
Continuously

Flame and Fountain

My Life, My Psyche
Is a Flame
And a Fountain
A marriage of Entropy and Energy
Receptive Darkness and Responsive Light
Transparent Silence and Flowing Sound
Awaiting the Possibility
To Come Together
In Flower and Shower

Carefully tended
It can illuminate and warm
It can refresh and cool

Abused or neglected
It can burn and extinguish
It can freeze and drench

Yes, my life, my psyche is a flame and a fountain
And so too is yours
Together we play
With fire and water
In the draughty air of the future
Feeding from our earthy past
Immersed in the ever-present Grace
The holding Space
That permeates and bathes us -
But we need to play carefully
With one another
If Life is to Flourish
And Love is to last



Flowers Flower

Flowers don't care to be ignored
Flowers flower
To drink in welcome visitors
So that they may wine and dine
On nectar and pollen
Held within colourful advertising

Awaiting distribution of coded messages
From here to there
Where they can be taken in and take root
In newly emerging possibilities
Travelling far and wide

No, flowers don't care to be ignored
In covert operations
Buried underground
And neither do I

Following Each Other's Footsteps

Some might aspire
To climb on other's shoulders
Whence to gain an elevated view
Atop a stack of figures
Perched precariously
From pinnacle to ground
Where ground is All below
Lost from near in sight
By far out of sight
Distanced from feeling
The thick of life

Where down to Earth
The dew hangs heavy
Grass grows tall
The humid forest yawns
Smelling of humus
Blanketed by mosses
Bedecked with ferns
Pervaded by slithering, rustling, stamping
Resounding with squawks, barks, twitters

One feels so small
Within it all
Seeking safe passage
From here to there in everywhere
Trampling over undergrowth
Tunnelling under overgrowth
Revealing the space
Of no resistance
Waiting quietly
Throughout and about us all

So we follow
In each other's footsteps
Easing the path
Others can take
Through striding the wake
From lonely foot fall
Made by the first brave sole
Bumped off course
By those coming
Thicker and faster

From behind

Our river flows
Drawing through tributaries
Passing through deltas
Meandering sleepily
Supplied in torrents
Etching the landscape
Rebuilding banks
Never ever ending
Beginning
Continuously
With infinity in sight
No, nothing to lose
From standing Proud and Tall
Above them all

Form and Formlessness
And the Natural Inclusion of Each in the Other

It's All so very Simple
Really

There is Form
&
There is Formlessness

Split Apart
Neither Alone can make Sense of Life
But Each included in the Other
Falls naturally into Place

Form Flows into and out
From Formless Existence
Formlessness Flows into Life
In Form

Form pulls its own Weight
While Formlessness is Weightless
Until its two Great Architects -
Space & Light
Come Together
In Silent Stillness & Lively Motion
Every Night & Every Day
In Every Body

Every Now & Every Then
Everywhere



Helter-Skelter
The Return of the Native

Imagine yourself
Born under cover of darkness
In the shade of an umbrella
Pierced by peepholes
Into an other-worldly radiance
That shines on coralline ocean
Lapping up the shifting shores of landscape
Flowing in rocks and water
Air and fire streams
Breathed in and breathed out
By life itself
As endless variety
In this place you call home

That holds and caresses you
With open arms

But there, at the edge of your stare
Where your home finds its limit horizon
Glinting with cut-glass precision
Is the baseline of prismatic structure
Abstracted out of kilter
A multi-story high rise power block
Splitting apart between seven floors
Each to its own paradox
Confined yet connected
Point to point
By a dichotomous tree
Inverted
With bottom at top
Bifurcating to lower orders
With multiple entry points
Where you can enter freely
From abasement
So long as you close the door behind you!

Once inside this glass-cut space
There's no where for you to go but up
Beckoned by idealism
Of social or economic aspirations
Coloured monotonously
Red or Blue
Me or You
Us or Them
Here or There
Each a cut above the rest
Reached by ladders climbed assiduously
To the point where worlds collide

Far above the ground you left behind
In a room where All presume to be One
Suffocating as a Whole
That claims from aloft
To be more than the parts
Beneath itself
From which it ascended
Only to bang its head
Against the ceiling
So near and yet so far
From what was shut outside

Less than a hare's breath away

Yet, deep in the core of this prism
Reaches the umbrella's shaft
A focal passage
Receptive to all who reach for it
Without resistance
Lifting from base to apex
But not stopping there

Instead emerging into slippery spiral gutter
By way of which the native returns
Whizzing gleefully down slope
To where he and she belong
Together as children playing
In the light of darkness
In the darkness of light
Learning along the way
That gathers before into after
Continually
With no need to get stuck in the prism
That seems to cut a dash in space
But can't.

Holding Openness

You ask me who you are
To tell a story you can live your life by
A tail that has some point
That you can see
So that you no longer
Have to feel so pointless
Because what you see is what you get
If you don't get the meaning of my silence
Because you ain't seen nothing yet

You ask me for illumination
To cast upon your sauce of doubt
Regarding what your life is all about
To find a reason for existence
That separates the wrong
From righteous answer
In order to cast absence out
To some blue yonder
Where what you see is what you get

But you don't get the meaning of my darkness
Because you ain't seen nothing yet

You look around the desolation
Of a world your mined strips bare
You ask of me in desperation
How on Earth am I to care?
I whisper to stop telling stories
In abstract words and symbols
About a solid block of land out there
In which you make yourself a declaration
Of independence from thin air
Where what you see is what you get
When you don't get the meaning of my present absence
Because you ain't seen nothing yet

You ask of me with painful yearning
To resolve your conflicts born of dislocation
From the context of an other world out where
Your soul can wonder freely
In the presence of no heir
Where what you see is what you get
When you don't get the meaning of my absent presence
Because you ain't seen nothing yet

You ask me deeply and sincerely
Where on Earth can you find healing
Of the yawning gap between emotion
And the logic setting time apart from motion
In a space caught in a trap
Where what you see is what you get

And in a thrice your mind is reeling
Aware at last of your reflection
In a place that finds connection
Where your inside becomes your outside
Through a lacy curtain lining
Of fire, light upon the water

Now your longing for solution
Resides within and beyond your grasp
As the solvent for your solute
Dissolves the illusion of your past
And present future

Now your heart begins to thunder

Bursting hopeful with affection
Of living light for loving darkness
Because you ain't felt no thing yet



The Hole in the Mole

I **AM** the hole
That **lives** in a mole
That **induces** the mole
To **dig** the hole
That **moves** the mole
Through the **earth**
That **forms** a **hill**
That **becomes** a **mountain**
That **reaches** to **sky**
That **pools** in **stars**
And **brings** the **rain**
That the **mountain** **collects**
Into **streams** and **rivers**

That **moisten** the **earth**
That **grows** the **grass**
That **freshens** the **air**
That **condenses** to **rain**
That **carries** the **water**
That **brings** the **mole**
To **Life**



Hollow Way

I live in a tunnel of softly lined walls
That melt into distance, beyond past recall
And flex as they twist in curves out of sight
To find what they will, through darkness in light

To bring within focus, then restore before long
To the place where they came from, bursting with song

How different is this natural corridor of flower
From those devious labyrinths, which seek only power?

As different as only what's natural can be
From abstract constructions divorced from the sea
Where they came from in pillars of salt
Petrified into standstill to serve their good fight
In flights full of fancy, not earthly delight

So, when I encounter minds taken to view
Their selves as divided between me and you
All I can do, is leave them alone
To conclude for themselves
As I keep on living
In my own hollow way

How May I Take This In? (25/12/08)

How may I take this in?
The silence beyond and before
The commotion of locomotion
The cacophony of the din
That heralds and applauds
Pressing presence
In the gift of the moment

Pinpricks of brightly coloured light
Piercing the conscience
Of darkness
Loving and foreboding
Making a meal
Of expectations
Of memories
That feed on repast

Roasted nostalgia
Caught in aromas
Of now and then
Repeated amongst shadows
Of afterthought
Reflecting experience
Of fading presences

Bent on resurgence

The calmness of tension
That aches to be soothed
Whilst lacking reassurance
And so reaches not to the Spirit
Of Christmas past and turbulent
But for that Spirit of the kind
That idles distilled
In slow swirls caressing
The bottom of a glass

Humility of the Valley

Life doesn't strive
To secure its foundation
Upon the rocky serrations of the High-minded
Where Men build castles in the air
To furnish that false sense of superiority
Which comes from the pretence
Of overlooking all around
To the edge of infinity

Life thrives
In the seclusion of the valleys
Where dampness accumulates
In the earthy humidity
Of humility
Warmly tucked in
To the bed of sea and land
Rich with variety
Exuding
Intruding
Out and into the cosiness
Of each lovingly enveloped
In the other's influence

Wisdom cannot be found
On peaks of adaptive fitness
Running with Red Queens
But only in that radiant depth
That reaches everywhere
Through the heart of somewhere

Hush!
The Deep Receptivity of Intangible Presence

What's in Earth's axis?
What can no One be without?
What's in the midst of everything,
Everywhere,
Every din?
Yet ignored by all who seek
Power from Above
To will the subjects of their objectivity
Into alignment with their Dream
To keep perennial Order
Over the wildness that they fear
Will undermine them in the End
The entropy of their Fall

Listen
Very care-fully
The answer's very clear!
Deep down you know it must be there
For you to be here at all
Alive with movement in your skin
Breathing out and breathing in
Willing to receive
What you most need from all around
From the bottom of your heart
Where all there is
Is what you need to love, yet fear will be your end

Hush!

Illuminating Moment

I came across a flower
It flowed into my life
Its face beamed out a message
Cast from sunlight taken up
And spun around in Shadow
That none could see within

I ached to feel its yearning
For the passion fruit of learning
That relieves its heart from burning
With the secret of life's churning

Around and around
Its figurative resound
Including spatial ground
In bodily unbound
By fixing stake to mound

But rooting soil to branch
Through secret inner channels
Drawing water through their straws
To slake the thirst of air
For what was lost in rain

I wondered how such presence
Could make her presents felt
Without some outer shining
To keep her inside turning
With compassion for her mate
To bring to life her offspring
In fields of open space

Just then the sun came dancing
And played on horses prancing
With delighted sideways glancing
Of panoramic life-enhancing
Flows in turns entrancing

And in that moment's simmering
Illumination found me
Alight with inner darkness
With darkness spinning light
Receptive in the yearning
Responsive in the burning
Reflective in the turning
Of Love that comes with Life

Imaginative Turn, 1/1/2010

How tiresome it is
This beast that turns in my grave
Shrieking to unearth
Such fearful foreboding
Of what is to come
From what has been done

In the name of the Rose
That holds itself in
Enshrouded by sepals
To keep all its petals
From falling to ground
Out of sight, far from sound
Stalled in the bud
Distilled in the mud
Defended by prickle
Refusing to tickle
But piercing instead
The heart that yearns
To get out of bed

How exciting it is
This creature that rises with the sun
Singing its heart out
In radiant flower
Bearing fruit into joys to come
From what has been done
Crying, hip, hip hooray!
In the name of the Rose
That gathers all in
As it dies and grows
Loosing its petals
From the confines of sepals
To spread light in sound
Before turning back inward
Whilst falling to ground
Where others come to bear its energy away
Through death and decay
Into life that unfurls
In the opening
That sustains the possibility
Of flowering afresh
Through darkness in light
Breaking out of bounds
In another day

In Spiral Inclusion

How hard it is to be soft
Like a copper screw
In a culture of steel nails
Managed by hammerheads

Dead-eyed sharks
Whose only recourse
To keep you on a straight and narrow course
Is to hammer you on the head
In short, sharp shocks
That rip the fabric of your inclusion
Into shreds

All for the sake of a quick fix
At their convenience
Which cannot acknowledge
What you bring
By way of conductivity and connectivity
In a natural communion
From everywhere into somewhere

An ingrowing spiral
From a slot receptive to turning
Around and around
Pooling together

What should never be split
By an arrow of time
That punches a hole
To admit the whole
That calls itself One
Alone without neighbouring
To slip in and slip out
In the short term
Without holding together
In the long run

Influx and Stillness

I AM influx
You ARE influx
We ARE influx
He, She, It and They ARE influx
To pretend otherwise makes no sense
Because without flux there can be no form, no life, no love

I AM in stillness
You ARE in stillness
We ARE in stillness

He, She, It and They ARE in stillness
Because without stillness there can be no influx

We are always in stillness and influx
Never one or other alone
Unless time comes to standstill
In a motionless point
Nowhere

That's all there really is to It

Loving Error – The Art of Reconciliation

There is a way
Between those warring factions
To bring reconciliation
Through recognition of each other's faults and virtues
As coming from the same deep place
Where creativity comes to life
In loving form
Burning with passion
Cooling with calm
Fire and Stillness combining
In endlessly evolving flair
To know this we only have to listen
With deep abiding care

So, why can't we?



Lost Conversations

There have been so many conversations
Entered with vigour
Sustained by hope
Only to fade into deep recesses
Like garbage collecting
In cracks between paving slabs

Mess amidst tidiness
Decay amidst sterility
In life made bare

Where have they gone -
Those lost conversations
Do they recall what we said
And why?

Or has our meaning
Died in their memory?

Mocking Bird

Brick walls unite in solidarity
Or so I've heard
When their foundations
So absurd
Secured upon the very Word
That cuts their souls adrift
Feel the solvent waters
Lapping at their sound construction

I came across
One Such A Wall
Long and Straight
And Very Tall
Commanding the Waters
To Divide or Fall
And join the Ranks
Above It All

I tried to reason, softly
With the Wall
To allow some flecks a passage
Through its facade
So that it could flex
In resonant communion
Of One World With Its Other
A mutually corresponding Identity
Incompletely defined

But my words rebounded
In mocking echo
A harshly edited reflection
Of my dejection
A judgement of scorn
Not gladly borne beyond
Into dynamic Synthesis

I saw a bird
Bestride the Wall
Glorifying in the Sunder
Of It All

Looking first this way
Then That
Preening its coat of many colours

Calling Out in strident language

Don't you know
You stupid Fool
That Love's reception is not cool
When this is what It is
To be or not to be
Where It's At

The bird's forked tongue
Flickered freely
As it cast its spell
Of false dichotomy
Upon the nature of its source
In all around

I heard a rumbling
Far below
Some undercurrent
Of the Flow
In swirling eddies
Round the pillars
That Underpinned
The Wall's hard lining

So that it began
To Quake
And crumple
Stirred Up
By the shaky ground

Alarmed
The bird took flight
Into the open sky
Beyond the Wall

It wheeled and spiraled
Above my head
Dancing on some unseen softness
That brought it safely back to ground

To pick its way
And feed on life released
Amongst the rubble
That once had stood

In the way of One World and Its Mother

Until I caught a glimpse of being caught
In its glassy eye's reflection
And found
At last
A sign
Of welcome
All mocking gone

Natural Revelation

I cannot reveal
The truth about Nature
With my instruments and methodology
Trained on some remote objective
Held fast
Under my firm thumb

I cannot bear
The responsibility
Of finding out what I can't find out
Through restrictive hands and eyes
That falter as they seek dominion
Over all that wanders
Wet in dry

I cannot believe
My heady framing
That stumbles over shaky heels
Trying to hold my steady aiming
Fixed upon some point of view
Of what is right or wrong to do

I cannot trust
My fellow scientists
Who consider Nature made to measure
Grasped
Between defining hands
With butter fingers

I can only trust
In Nature showing me
In passing through my fluid lines
The truth of what lies within my open presence

Ever Ready
To receive the current of recharging batteries
Never flattening to deceive

For what rings true is what presents itself
To us, through us
Not what we might make of it
In presentations
Seeking admiration from the ardent taker
Batting eyelids in frozen flashes
Between eye lashes
Whipping the world into hardened order
Where none can flourish
In melting instance
That lets the world be as it is
Feeding hunger
Quenching thirst
Dancing in sunlight
Re-turning to darkness
Like the life it holds in trust

25/12/2010

Natural Truth

You ask me what's the point of all this
Searching and spouting
Questioning and answering?

Where does it lead?
What does it change?
How will it help?
What does it have to say
About
Politics, ethics, God,
Physics, Chemistry, Biology,
Mathematics, History, art,
Health, well-being, Philosophy,
Invention, Intention, Crime,
Punishment, Language, Economics, Education,
Environment, Agriculture, Industry, Forestry,
Sustainability, Ecology, Life and Death?

There, I pause

But you don't
Come on – give me an answer!
Convince me!
Give me a chance to contradict you!
Give me an example!
Make me understand what you are talking about!
In words of one syllable

Stung,
Knowing in my heart what's wrong
With living in contradiction
Of how you naturally are
In this world as it naturally is –
Forever flowing
Continually coming and going
Where there's no knowing
Where all definitively ends and begins
Because it doesn't –
Instead of just saying
"Because that's the natural truth"
Which I know you won't accept
I try to comply
I try to reply
By giving you the answers you seek
Carefully worded
Eloquently justified

But in so doing
As I see your puzzled face
Screwed up
After soaking up all those centuries of lies
Sticking like flies to your tongue
I feel my spine creasing
My hair prickling
My jaw clenching grimly
My nose wrinkling
My forehead corrugating
My eyes slitting
As the burden grows
Of trying to convince a world that shouldn't need
To be convinced of what's so bleeding obvious
It all feels wrong
Confidence deserts me

So, all that's left
Is for me to return to my drawing board

In quiet repose
To draw my own non-conclusions
True to my self
True to my human companions
True to Nature
So far as is humanly possible
Regardless of what has or hasn't already been said
Because that's the point of all this
And if that doesn't change the world
For the better
Nothing will!

Never Quite Knowing

Life is a creative exploration of renewing possibility,
Not a competitive struggle for permanent existence –
Poetry, not Prose
Improvisation, not Prescription,
Tolerance, not Rigidity,
A Search for Openings, not Quest for Completion

Motion in Stillness, Stillness in Motion,
Responsiveness in Receptivity, Receptivity in Responsiveness,
Energy in Space, Space in Energy,
Not One or Other Alone,
No matter without no matter

Never Quite Knowing
What's coming next,
Preparing for Surprise,
Ready to change One's mind,
One's direction

That's the evolutionary learning curve
In natural inclusion –
Truly natural Science,
Truly natural Art
Exploring natural neighbourhood with Love
Exciting and Inspiring
Isn't It?

No Gap, No Song

A flute with no gap in its boundary cannot make music

Neither can a flute with no boundary

A string with no play in its boundary cannot make music
Neither can a string with no boundary

A face with no mouth cannot sing
Neither can a mouth with no face

A body without legs cannot dance
Neither can legs with no body

A bird without wings cannot fly
Neither can wings with no bird

And so it is that a world with no space in its figures
Or no figures in its space
Is a world without music or song or dance or flight
Or delight

Odd Lemming Out

I had a dream
To leave the mainstream
And pawed to rest
Upon this hill crest
Where I gained a view
That I thought no body knew

I tried to tell
That they were heading for Hell
But, they said, 'what cheek
To pronounce from your peak'

Those who came nearest
Said I was the queerest
Unfeeling sub-lemming
Not allowed
To depart from the crowd

They said, 'not to be dim'
To 'be in with the swim'
But when I refused
They were not amused

They tied me down
And pierced my hide
And left me to die
As they rushed for the sky

On Being a Hermit Crab

Oh, What Hell
To Be
In a Shell!
It's So Unkind
To Be So Confined
With No Room To Move
Or Get Into The Groove
This Inner Space
Is Such a DisGrace
I Gotta Get Outta This Place!

I'll Squeeze Through The Gap
Out Into The Light
Oh, But It's Much Too Bright!
And My Body's Pap!
It's Not So Cool
To Be In This Pool

There's a Hole New World Out Here
And It Makes Me Feel Queer!
Perhaps It Might Be As Well
To Be In a Shell
Where I Won't Feel Bare
Look! There's One Over There!

So, What the Hell
I'll Be Me In a Shell!



Opening Curtains

As I open my mail box
The yearning for that magic
Still possesses me
That greets the child
Who, upon waking
Peels back the curtains
Hiding inside from outside
And outside from inside
To discover that it's snowed overnight
Changing everything
Into new possibilities
Yet, possibilities prepared for
With shovel and sled and toboggan
Lying idle in the shed
Waiting, waiting, waiting
For the chance
To greet the white of day
With a slide out from despondency
Into wild abandonment
Of all that has held confined
In the slow, dull torture of neglect

Yet, as I open my mail box
Day after day
Like the gambler held fast at the fruit machine
Cranking the handle
One more time
After one more time, after one more time, after one more time
Yearning for the sound of cavalcades of pennies dropping
All that greets is blankness
More of the same old scene
A world going about its same old busyness
Same old arguments
Unaware – apart from the odd bright gleam or tinkle
Of what would be possible
If only that penny would drop
Like a snowflake in still, quiet air
Into the void that isn't a void
But the well in the heart of the Soul

Our True Nature

What is Our True Nature?
A question
I've pondered all my life
Surprised
As I am

By stories I've been told
By experts in their fields
Of lonely Figures standing
Like scarecrows in the cold
Without a leg to stand on
Or feet upon the ground

What is Our True Nature?
A thought
That's crossed my mind
While hearing tales of far-off places
Apart from where I am
Amidst this endless pasture
Where sheep cannot be goats
Despite how hard they struggle
To shed their woolly coats
When heated to exhaustion
By unrelenting Sun

What is Our True Nature?

A mood
I've come across
When wondering, why on Earth
Do people try to abstract themselves
From where they're standing
In order to dispose of what they need
To free their hearts to bleed
When faced with desolation
Due to unremitting greed?

What is Our True Nature?

A Call

To understand what makes us Human,
Not gritty grains of sand that drift
Only where the wind blows
Into hollows drained of sound
Within this skimpy Ground

What is Our True Nature?

A dream

That can't be had, whenever
We isolate or conflate
Those magical ingredients
That move and hold us still
Ever flowing and dispersing
Into and out from some deep Place
Betwixt and Between
Now and Then

Out of the Shadows

Slipping noiselessly
Released at last
From the crevice
Between a rock and a hard place
Where it sought and found shelter
For a while
Emerged the Sun Eagle
Free to express it self
Unconditionally



Overwhelming Odds

I feel the weight of overwhelming Odds
Stacked up
Against my tiny glimpse of hope

A bloody-mindedness handed down
Through the Ages
From generation to generation
Spoiled
By seeking salvation
In other's loss

Their sullied armies marching
To the dread beat of defeat
Instead of finding cause
To celebrate

This miracle handed down
Through the Ages
From generation to generation
With Love

Passing Clouds

Lingering downpours
Falling out from grey blossoms
Flowering obscurely
Beneath sunlit clarity
That opens outwards
Whilst drawing inwards
To receptive shadow
That soaks itself in shade

Where water wells and rises
Onto surface
Brimming over
With pulsing moments
Each a story
Within a story
Ad infinitum
That mirrors the passing
Of clouds with no future
Apart from themselves

Quite Honestly

Of course I am furious
Of course I am sad
Wouldn't you be
In my place?

Our natural inclusion
Of love in life
And life in love
Deserves so much better appreciation
Than to be held in contempt
Disregarded and misrepresented
By power-crazed intellectual blockheads
And spineless emotional wimps

And so do I

And so do you
And so does our humanity

Radiant Receptivity – The Story of Flowers

Suns radiate energy
Conveyed in darkness
Received and radiated in turn
By moons and planets,
Flora, fauna and micro-flora
Birthing, dying, re-birthing
In continuous tidal circulations of flow-ebb-flow
Ebb-flow-ebb
The comings and goings of one in the other
Restoring life afresh
In undying variety
Unlike dead stillness
That doesn't know it's been born
Yet insists it does
As a favourite Son
Standing aloof
In radiant figure of One Alone, Nowhere
Instead of a figure of Eight
Laid to rest
Waiting
For life to come into its own
Without owning what it holds within reach
Radiant receptivity
Leaving us to wonder
Where Sun got its energy from to begin with and what released its Power
Enabling Us
Spirited souls in Soul,
Energetically embodied places in Space
To wander into and out from our Time?

Reason to Love

Love is not divorced from Reason
As abstracted minds declare
Love is the Very Reason
We are Where
We are

In an ever-flowing stream of form

Combining flux with space
In that receptive place
That lives within our hearts

No, we are never poles apart
We are poles coming together
In bodily embrace of darkness in light
In darkness

Sustained in fluid balance
Ever ready to move
With current
Attuning with our circumstance
Not shoehorning our vitality
Into rigid frames
Designed to fix

Recreations

Oh, how we laugh!
When Some Thing
Touches Our Spirit
Tickles Our Imagination
Recalling Our Place
In a Playful Space

A common enjoyment
Of a Common Enjoinment
Recreations
Of an Ever Present
Folding

Dynamic Boundaries
Pivotal Places
Incomplete Surfaces
That make distinct
But Never Discrete

Unique and Special Identities
Possibilities Realized
That Can Never Be Bettered
And can never be Severed
From a Context Within and Beyond
That Makes Us Content
Belonging Together

Adoring Our Differences
Inseparable in Our Incompleteness

Our Self-Insufficiency
That Unites Us in Love
A Receptive Space
A No Thing Place
That Keeps Us Coherent
Within and Without
Enveloped and Enveloping

No Need For Rules
No Need For Rulers
With Space in Our Hearts
To Include Other as Us
A Diverse Assembly
A Joyous Relief
Reciprocating Each Other's Movements
Dancing in High Spirits

Oh, how we cry!
When Made To Deny
Our Communion With Other
No Mother, No Brother
No Sister
To Assist
Our Passage
Through Pain

But a Father Severe
A Tyrant Authority
To Cut Us Off
Within Fixed Boundaries
In Isolation

Pretending Independence
Making Comparisons
Striving To Remove
What's Not Good Enough
In Pursuit of Perfection, Control, Prediction

A rationalistic Ideal
A Uniform Whole
A Self-Sufficiency
Tolerating No Hole
No Breathing Space

No Place for Grace

Demanding Reproduction
More of the Same
A Perpetual Cloning
With No Room to Err
No Room to Wander or Wonder

A Solid Object
With Space Outcast
An Infinite Outsider
Offering No Possibility
Of Excitement or Joy

A Purified Presence
A Divine Right
Freed From Wrong
An Unreal Abstraction
Motionless
Emotionless
Random Disunity
Divine DisContent

A Need For Rules
A Need For Rulers
No Space in Our Hearts
To Include Other as Us
A Monoculture
A Dull, Flat Field
Where Conflict Abounds

So, For Heaven's Sake, Father!
Take a Look at Your Wife!
Isn't She Sexy?
Get a Life!
Be Your Self!
Give Us Guidelines, By All Means
But, Please
Don't Hold Us Against Them

Stop Repeating Yourself!
Put Away Your Severing Knife!
Or, at the very least
Make a Hole that Heals
And Recreates -
Lets Us Play!



Refreshing Life

It had been raining all morning
We had stayed indoors
Tapping away on keyboards
Responding to calls on our time
Getting Cabin Fever

In the afternoon, the rain eased
Under heavy cloud cover
We couldn't bear to stay inside
A moment longer
So we ventured outdoors
Into the village –
Our local neighbourhood

Freshness greeted us
In fragrant welcome
Snails of many sizes and many colours
Oozed slowly over damp walls
Eyes on stalks
Radulae rasping
Hidden beneath slowly rippling feet

Mosses and lichens
Released from pallid desiccation
Burst into vibrant colour

Translucent domes of water
Clung tight to waxy leaves
Before running away from disturbing touch
All in the company of many birds
Singing and calling,
'This is the Life'

Return From Calculus

To differentiate is not to define!
They put the cart before the horse
So that the poor thing got stuck in a rut
Those argumentative back-projectors
Newton and Liebniz
Whose deepest desire
Was to come first
Like Adam before Eve
On the Eve of their Fall

By cutting out space
From within the curve
Leaving the line shattered
Into helpless nonentities
Disguised as identities
By imposing minds

So that to integrate
We need only to add
What they failed to subtract
In their infinite regression
From All down to nought
But not quite

That informing presence
Adrift in our Time
Male without female
A self-negating false positive
With nowhere to hide
That takes us along
For its forgetful ride

Until some One gives notice
He can no longer bear
His harsh isolation
From somewhere to care

And rejoins his partner
In joyful communion
An affair of the heart
Where absence makes fonder
After millennia apart

And in that reunion
We need hardly add
What should never have been put asunder
By defining what's bad

A place that's beneath us
As we soar to great heights
Before returning the home
Subtracted from substance
To make solid figures
Meaningless in the absence
Of what needs them to care
For the receptive silence
Of everywhere

No, differentiation isn't what's wanted
To look askance
But it is what's needed
To configure variety
In complex self-dance
Of one within other
Transfigured by chance

Everywhere needs somewhere to love

Ruins

There comes a time
When one has to admit
That all one has worked for
Lies in ruins

Empty buildings
Unfit for purpose

Where once liveliness flourished
In hopeful prospect

But now shell-shocked and suffocated
Drifts aimlessly
Going through the motions
Awaiting oblivion
While sucking the last few drops of sweetness
From what remains

Sand Point & Rabbit Moss

A craggy finger pointing out
Into cold café-au-lait sea
Bears, upon finer inspection
A profusion of shades of green
Nestling within hollows in eroded limestone
Trampled over by many feet
Belonging to people unaware of that they're missing
With heads held high aloft

But, bending down on hands and knees
It's amazing what one sees
By way of minute treasures
Bristling with outstretched spiky leaves
Found only here and there
Just a few small dots on a map
Yet, here almost everywhere one cares to look
With knowing eyes

Say Even as They

'Say as we say',
They said,
'If you want us to hear you -
Otherwise, speak for yourself alone.'

But I knew
That to seek accessibility
Popularity
In my yearning for acceptance
By saying even as they
Would compromise
What I mean to say
In my idiosyncratic way
To make natural sense

As I sense it -

Would steal my truth
From generations to come

And so I came
To speak for myself alone
For the sake of others unknown,
Drifting in loneliness,
Weakening in resolve,
Caring more than I should
About my need to be herd
Accepted
Acknowledged
Until at last finding comfort and strength
In the words of a psalm
Passed down through generations
Before me

Seeing Through Appearances

You've caught me on the hop
Standing on One leg
Where All I can see
Is the gap
That stands
Between you and me
In splendid isolation

It makes me hopping mad
To be caught out in this way
Hooked on appearances
Where it's just not cricket
To be stumped on the boundary
Of my hook shot
Where my seeing ends

Surely I must be able
To drop my guard merely
To see you more clearly
Including in my framing
Not apart from my heart

Where we can sing together
In coupling chords of three
Where gaps don't distance
Our view of one including other

But find beneath the surface
Our evolutionary tree
Expressed outwardly through me
And yew in deep distinction
But never ending sea

Silent Night

Silent Night,
Brings Light to Life
All is calm
All is rife
Midst the communion of Man and Wife
Brought together in primordial womb
Where what saves you from strife
Is borne
Receiving what's given in care
To care for and give in return

So, why seek the armour of shielding Light
To ward off the yearnings of darkest Night?
When all these aches in the heart can bring
Is hope in the love of inspiring
More love to come
Where there's room to come in

Simplicity

I keep returning to the yearning
For Simplicity
That place where all converges
Into those bare necessities of life:
Spirit Flowing
Around Receptive Soul;
Energy Rushing Somewhere
Around Welcoming Stillness
In Space Everywhere –
Each combining within Other
Into Soulful Spirit,
Fleshy Bodies
Populating Cosmos
Evolving endlessly into diverse array of complex form
Which, if paid too much attention
To fine detail

Distracts endlessly
From the simplicity of its origin

Simply Co-creations

Life seems so complicated
In all its myriad manifestations
When viewed from outside itself
In abstract distance

So rational and yet so unreasonable
So measurable and yet so fathomless
So predictable and yet so unforeseeable
So attractive and yet so repulsive
So knowable and yet so inexplicable
Such an elaborate, mysterious construction
From such straightforward genetic code
And elementary particulars

And yet when experienced from within
That opening ending and ending opening
Within its Self,
So joyous and yet so painful
So resilient and yet so vulnerable
So enticing and yet so fearful
All living form Is
And all living forms Are
Beheld simply as receptive and responsive co-creations

Of darkness within Light within flow
Within Darkness

Of stillness within Flux within fluid
Within Stillness

Of space within Energy within matter –
Within time within place –
Within Space

Of yearning within Breath within breathing
Within Void

Of soul within Spirit within body
Within Soul

Of agape within Eros within philia
Within Grace

Of love in Love with life
Within Love

So, I ask you,
What's Not to Love?

Soft Life Lining

A soft life lining
With gentle relief
Some hard core denial
Of what lies beyond resolution
Across a bridge that sighs
Over sharp regrets
Submerged by shallow waters
Held at different levels
Suspended by artifice
Where the natural inclination
Is to tumble and flow
In keeping with the surface
That breathes from ground to air
And to ground from air
Where hidden from immediate sight
Is cavernous tumult
Silently shrieking disbelief
At wilful ignorance
Staring without regard
Whilst parading virtuosity
In Palladian splendour
Where all can see
Its raised male crest
Bestride the gentle hillside
That yearns to fall and rumble
Across the bridge that sighs

Something to Be Said

There's something to be said
For a mature body
That takes a novice to heart
So that both can flourish

In the flow of life
From each to other

Space - Your Final Dissolution

I am your final dissolution
The nurturer of your nature
That soothes and softens
As we live and breathe together

No gas-tight chamber doors
Designed to wall in
Or wall out your fears of devastation
Can exterminate me

You cannot live without me
You cannot die without me
I cannot find expression without you
You live in the breath of my inspiration
You die in the breath of my expiration
You die as you live
You live as you die
With me
Within and without

So, if you try to close me in
Or close me out
In your Manly human quest for Godly immortality
I cannot love you as you stir within my womb

I cannot assist you
I can only watch, impassively by
As you use me to destroy
Yourself
Or suffocate in the stasis
Of a never-ending, never-opening
Paralysis
That's no life for any one of us
Alone

So, please, bear with me
As I am alongside and within you
Take me in as I take you out
Certain only of the uncertainty
That recreates a rich and vibrant world

I am what life *and* death is all about

Rising and subsiding
In ever-flowing form
Living Light and Loving Darkness
Together

Spate Attack

I am a river damned to bursting point
Required by your close confinement
To down regulate my outflow
To a pitiful trickle
When I long to flood
And see you flailing in my excesses

Not because I want to drown you
But because I want to drown the din
Of your inconsideration
For what I can bring

To bear down upon your pallid protestations
Of exception from circumstance
That cruelly deny my loving influence
So that you can take one another apart
In death-defying leaps of soulless mentality
Into the hard ground of your unreality
Where life feeds the pungent corpse of your annihilation

No, I don't want to drown you
But how I yearn to see you swim
What a fine splash you'd make!

Pooled together in my liquidity
Taken up in common spirit
Where all resolve to solve is gone
Rendered needless by your oblivion
Of all that you have placed to stand in the way
Of your dearest, loving Mother

Starlings - Revelations of Invisibility

Smoke Rises

In Bird Form
Lining Pockets of Air

Horizontal Aspirations
To Vertex
From Vortex

Reflected in Currents
Between Waves
Rippling Fenestration
Mercurial Shimmering

In Forming Invisible Space
Reminding of a Presence
Of Absence

Mimicking Human Machine Code
Along Telegraph Wires
In Subtle Mockery
Of Abstract Logic

Forever Finding Holes
In the Solid Geometry
Of Artificial Edifice

Black Iridescence
Penetrating the Riddles
Of Brick Walls
With Natural Fluidity



Stuffed Tiger

I offered you a Tiger

Rampant
Roaring
Russet
Burning
Yearning
Gnawing
Yawning
Sprawling
Crawling
Puncturing
Eye Opening
Jaw Closing

You wanted to stuff the Tiger

Black, white and red all over
Darkness and Light
Reporting
Combining into Colour
And awesomely dynamic form

Inspiring
Expiring
Breathing
Space and
Fire

You wanted to put the Tiger in a Frame
To make the Tiger Tame
Complete with label warning 'Danger'

Safely Confined
In your High Security System
So you can Play your End Game

Swan Chemistry

We can't all be swans
Those ships of serenity

Whose surface appearance
Belies frantic pedalling
Beneath reflected view
To keep themselves on course

Where would swans be
In a world of their own
Without the babbles of ducks
Or twitters of warblers skulking in reeds?

Like a gathering of superstars
In supercilious congestion
Dead on their feet
Without the vulgarity
Needed to keep them flowing
By stirring the current
In common pools of correspondence
For all to breathe, including swans

Like noble gases
Semblances of calm
Amidst the swirling play of elements
Seeking satisfaction through the balancing of their orbits
Yet in that restless search for harmony
Needing to succeed only rarely
And never completely
If they are to keep the current stirred

Teacher's Joy

There is a kind of yearning
That delights in opening out
Accepting its needful readiness
For anything that is in your mind
To come to life in theirs

You allow every possibility
For entrance through
That open pupil
Of wide-eyed receptivity
That welcomes your wits
Within its willing regard

You dance
You sing

You do your thing
And still no thing
Gets taken in
Within the spin
Of their broad grin

Delighting in recollection
All winding up
Whilst winding loose
With eyebrows curling
Into their own true story
Aware of all
That lies within
The wonderland of your travails

What cannot be done
When feeling such currents of shade and light
By flying from the face
Of utter denial
Without the need
To force a smile,
Lifting your self
From the whole
Of hide-bound promise
Flocked in sundry disarray
Beyond the cliff
Where flight takes fright
Dipping beneath the reach
Of over-ruling might

The Attractions of Becoming a Host

What I would like to be Most
Is a Well Coming Host
Raising a Toast
Without having to boast

To All those I love Best
From East and West
Providing a Nest
Where Each Can Rest

Assured in the Knowledge
Acquired in College
That Open Invitation

Is the Heart of a Nation

An Inductive Place
With Scope for Grace
Inspiring
Expiring

In Dynamic Relation
A Consolation
That whatever Gives Out
In a Roundabout
Way
So They say
Can only Come Back
Without any lack

But, I don't have a Ghost
Of becoming a Host
Unless I can Succour
All Manner of *****

And I'd rather Not
In case I might Rot
And I want to Delay
When I'm due to Decay
By Fending Off
All Those who might Scoff

So, Now I'm Alone
I need to Atone
For my Lack of Friends
In a World with no Ends

Statuesque and Immortal
Without Any Portal
To Where I so long
To Be Where I Belong

Within the Sea
Of Eternity
Beside the Hills
Where Every We
Expresses Me
A Host of Golden Daffodils



The Hole and The Current

I AM the Hole AND I AM the Current
 So are we all
 Whether we care to know it or not –
 Both the Receptive AND the Responsive
 That gathers in AND reaches out
 From past into future becoming,
 The very essence of Living
 As One within Space and Space within One,
 Somewhere circulating
 Within Everywhere eternally Present

 Panentheistically Immanent within Transcendent
 NOT Eminent
 But Each Unique and in Common
 In our own way

The Holeyness of the Wood - West and East

Two, world's apart
 Whose place is together
 In common circumference
 Of World spinning Story

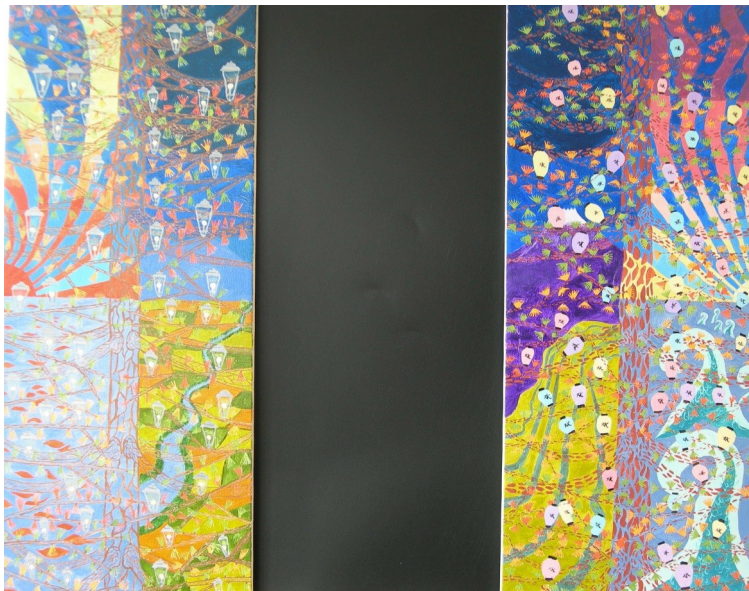
 One, the proud Standard-Bearer

Of light within darkness
An illumination
Of rectangularity
Held stiffly erect
With All in Order

The Other, a haphazard glimmering
Of darkness in light
A chaotic turbulence
Of fluid movement
Of Order in All

Wherein can be found meaning
Of vital significance
A Communion of holes
Each seeking relief
Obscured by the clutter
Of everyday Strife

Can we feel those holes
At the heart of souls
Or, must we make Shutters
To freeze the moment
Of objective vision?



This Receptive Void

There is a presence in our skies,
Which hardened minds seek only to despise

Or shroud in deep disguise
Beyond the pale of their restricted range

This presence that no one wants to know
Pervades its hardened limits
Loves each and every one
Without reserve
Bringing all to life in fluid sharing
From here to there in mutual caring
For what each needs to grow,
Then slow,
Conserving while conveying its gift
In fluid flow

How can we come to know this presence
Once we have forced it from our sight of mind
To try to keep it to and from our selves?

The answer's plain and simple -
Even if the way seems hard -
We can find it in our guileless hearts
Where possessive minds refuse to go
For fear of losing what they've got
While missing out on what's been given
To dream their life away

The Room in the Elephant

The sound of trumpets
Disturbed my sleep
Calling me to awaken
To my African experience of welcoming warmth
Receptive and responsive -
That pink-handed generosity
Accepting my childhood for what it was
Despite appearances to the contrary
Where homicidal desperation prevailed
Spreading Terror deep and wide
Through colonial Hell

Where did that call come from
So many years later
In this land of privileged conceit?
Belying appearances to the contrary
Where self-indulgence prevails

Spreading false security all around
Like marmalade on buttered toast

It was a call ignored by most -
A statement of the obvious -
Issuing from deep within,
That what most matters
Is what matter cannot be without
Yet, in the hands of Empire Builders
Is ironed out
So as to be
Without a doubt

The Rough & The Smooth

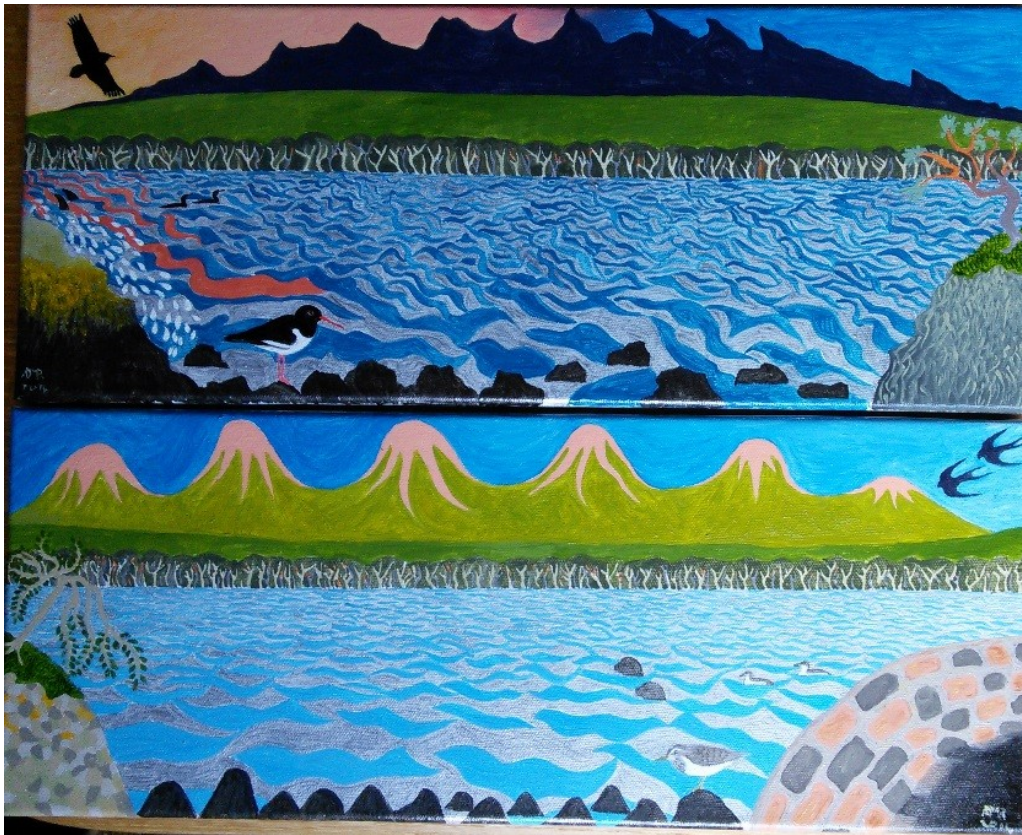
Side by side
Straddling the midriff
Between fore and aft
Of land that's slipped its anchor
Into liquid crystal
Silvery blue
Or bluish silver
Depending on mood

One inviting, fleshy, serene
Parabolic and hyperbolic
Moulded like upturned cup-cakes
With pink icing
Streaming down their sides

The other forbidding, craggy, violent
Jagged and ragged
Strewn onto the plate
With dark abandon
Gathered into jutting peaks

Yet each with its different kind of beauty
That on its own
Might seem dull or gaunt
Flabby or skeletal
A different breed of sterility
But in the company of the other
Breeds fertility in the valleys
Exuberant with life
That takes the rough & the smooth
Within its stride

Where no smile can live without wrinkles



The Vitality of the Intangible

There is a voice that speaks through silence
Letting us know
Who we really are resides in where we really are
Inhabitants of a place where time
Circulates through the very makings of our bodies
In living relationship with each other
In natural continuity

Here, we do not struggle for existence
We live and die in breathing
From one form to another
Inspiring and expiring
In endless relay

We do not survive the isolation of the fittest
Reigning supreme over deserted scene
There is no end to possibility
In omnipresent, receptive space –
That ever-present Prayer

Ever calling for response
From who knows where
Into who knows here

The vitality of the intangible
In all that's tangible
For a while

The War of the Pots and Kettles

Black You ARE
AND Black you BE
What ever ELSE
YOU cannot be ME

Whiter than white
And purer than pure
I KNOW what's RIGHT
That's my ALLURE

But, How can YOU BE
So very SURE
About what you perceive
as YOUR allure?

So CONFIDENT
In the RULE of LAW
That you can flout it
Whenever your bent
Is to BE without it

YOU think you're so BRAVE
To call ME DEPRAVED
As you parade your virtue
Symbolized by your STATUE
Of LIBERTY

An OxyMoron
A Freedom you lost
Because of its cost

You think Economics
IS Ergonomics
But YOUR Economics
Is Egonomics

A self-righteous assertion
That leads to Desertion
Of your human nature
In which we so long
To Belong

So, let's bury the hatchet
There's no THING to match it
A celebration of DIFFERENCE
And no indifference

No grayness
No blameness
But a splash of colour
Of every hue
Not black and blue

That's me and you



Tired of Waiting

I'm so tired
Tired of waiting
For a world to turn itself around
From continually revolving
In opposition to its motion
That blocks its circulation
In polarized debate

I can't wait
For the debate to abate
And stop its endless promotion
Of power-hungry clods
To positions where they stifle
Those truly gifted
With generosity to share

Why must those who care
From the depths of their sensitivity
To an uncertain kind of truth
That flows in all in through all
Suffer endless humiliation
At the hands of those who call
Themselves successful
In a world that gives them clout?

Where there is no room for doubt
No space to air the possibility
Of living free from grout
That fixes tiles to walls
In rectilinear rankings
Of vertical ascent
To a tall story

From whose lofty penthouse
The ghost of high office
Watches out
Relentlessly
For anyone who dares to question
Or fall fearfully short of satisfying
The hard-edged logic of His restrictive practice
That knows no soft caress
And so couldn't care less

Whilst everywhere around

Throughout the quaking ground
Where reality floods in
To shake the certainty out of order
With violent protestations
That open space for reconciliation
Of one will with another
In a world where none can smother
The life that flows through all
And finds itself again
In the frail wonderings of compassion

No, I cannot bear to wait much longer
For the retirement of that force
That batters into thrall
The love that lives within us all
And turns the world around

Trouble With Giants
A warning to scholars

The trouble with giants
Is when they have bad backs
So when you climb on their shoulders
To improve your view
And see something new
What you so admire
Can bring you to grief
A crippling crumpling
Of fixed belief

But when something really new
Comes in-out of the blue
As a glimpse of what's always true
The trouble with giants
Is to pretend they already knew

Every inch of the way
That you strive to back track
From the present day
To hold off attack
From who cannot believe
That you did not retrieve
The insight you gained
From what's already been feigned

So be ready as you clamber
Amongst rocks and rock fall
Following the camber
Made by those who walk tall

When something comes flying
From out of sight's mind
There's no point in trying
Against the heart's grind

To tell your sad story
Of where you found glory
Without showing deference
To those craving reference
As to where you began
In your quest as an also ran

Because without pedigree
Of respectable family tree
No kind will agree
To acknowledge your presence
Of mind prepared willingly
To welcome the essence
That comes as a shock
To those of good stock

Tumbledown

Somewhere sparsely inhabited
A long stretch
Staring down at its heels
Alongside the crescent
That looks to see the sea

With a mouth at its back
And heads at its flanks
Gasping with white teeth bared
Or striped with green and red
Gashed with ochre

Flooding down slope
Carrying those uprooted
Along for the ride
Where they can only slide
Into an untidy heap

Without pride

On top of the ridge
Beneath the crest
Of fraught brow
That cannot let go
Without letting slip
What once it held
So insecurely in its grasp

Somewhere densely packed
With everywhere in clusters
Bedded into hillside
And standing out on pavement
Recoiling ancient memory
Wrapped around each present

Until prized out
By ardent hammer
Striking it rich
In shattered peace
That can't sit out a lifetime

Waiting
To gain acclaim for claiming
Possession for its owner
Above the humble crowd
That lies through aeons of silence
Until some ardent hammer
Strives to dig it out
And lay it bare

Abstracted from its deathbed
Where no one ceased to care
But held its breath for ages
Before gasping in fresh air
And dying yet again
As a museum piece



Underlying Simplicity

Underlying Complexity
Is Simplicity
A co-creative relationship
Between Receptive Stillness
&
Responsive Movement
Space & Energy
In each other's embrace
Dancing Form
Into Loving Life
&
Living Love
Inseparably Together
But never merged into formless Monotone
So long as Life
Lives On

Walls Have Ears

Walls have ears
I've heard it said -

An inner sensitivity
That reaches down to subatomic core
Far beneath their superficial hardness
Where silence calls
In endless refrain
To heed its deep-felt yearning
Behind the din of every thing

We too have ears
With which to hear this inner, noiseless calling
Beneath the clamour of everyday demand
For our attention

Whether we hear the silence or the racket
Or both within each other's reach
Depends on whether we use our ears
Partially or fully -
Or block them off
Behind a wall of self-sealed privacy
That chooses not to care for them

Well-Becoming

Imagine your Self to be a Well,
A living swirl of wishful feeling
Ever resourceful in its continuity
With its source in all around
While never losing its unique identity
Born in local movement
So long as kept in sure supply
Whence it came

Filling as you empty
Emptying as you fill
Receiving and Giving
Giving and Receiving
This Gift of loving life
From Loving Life Itself-
That vibrant natural Communion
Betwixt Motion & Stillness
Male & Female
Continually circulating
In co-creative Inspiration

All's well in this Current

Until and Unless
This original Sense of Being & Becoming Well
Is Lost
In ardent Aspiration
Not to Dwell
In natural company
But, instead, to be its Head
In charge of all its doings
By imposing definitive Limit
Between One Self and every Other
Made to be its Subject
Of distant speculation
Intent on keeping
Life & Love
At Bay

While seeking Idol's Power –
Such a far and lonely cry
From Nature's Bower
Unable to return there
Without loosening its false, determined Grip
On Reality

What Happens Now?

So, what happens now?
In the space between my ears
Vacant in the yearning of the moment
Of a silence unheard
By a constant ticking

Positive affirmation
Of rectitude
That double crosses
By marking out
Where sanity begins

At the edge of nowhere
Included in somewhere
Forlorn in spirit
Dampened under cover
Of fire blankets

Without enthusiasm
How can passion fruit?

At the edge of somewhere
Included in everywhere
Beyond control
Of ardent striving

Arrested at rest
In helpless worrying
Beyond the call of duty
That forbids
Forbidding silence

Where are the words
To call to order
The mind that strays
Beyond its limits
In splendid isolation?

Cascading, overflowing
Across some edge
That tightens sinews
In tense anticipation
Of what's to come
When what's forbidden
Is bidden to some

Who cannot suppress
That tense outflowing
By getting a grip
On what's born to run

A gift that passes
Around and around
Until someone gets it
And all is undone



What On Earth Is Sustainable?

A good question to ask
When all that's given
Of incomparable value
Seems to come at a price
Worth more or worth less
As a set of commodities
On the supermarket shelf
Of vacuum-packaged distress

Where what scores most regularly

Is considered most consistently
To be the best
Of those put to the test
To be singled out
For maximum uniform production
Of an elite order
And preserved in a perpetual pickle

Whilst discarding the rest
Of rampant variety
Into a stultifying space
Of squandered vitality

Placed under arrest
Somewhere else
Nowhere
Where none can have grace
To give of their best
What they gratefully receive

Meanwhile, as our favourite selection reigns supreme
It closes its hatches
Against all oddness
In a harrowing victory
That spells desolation
For each and all
In a row standing stiffly on proud parade
Amidst the fallen rank and filed
Away for safe keeping

Because no one kind
Can sustain itself
As a monoclonal antibody
Of corporate ill health
In narrowing arteries
Blocking the flow
Betwixt heart and head

What is truly downright ugly
In the natural world
Is the clot in the landscape
That claims for itself
All credit for wealth

Of human despair crying
Never heard but trying

Itself to the limit
Within drab straight walls
That shut out the wildness
That burns to come in

A wildness whose life cannot deaden
And whose death can only enliven
The vital space
Breathing in and out
The fresh air and water
Flowing through channels
Of pulsating arteries
Sustaining supply from a pool
That empties as it fills
With no fear of drought
Or stagnant disgrace

Rich in expression
Of rampant variety
Through irregular heartbeat
Of present giving what passes
Through central reception
Into continual future

Where all that can be sustained
Are sustained
Accepting the invitation
To hold, protect and pass on
The capacity to flourish
In a pool that ripples and ruffles
Amid spells of calm

To ask what on Earth is sustainable
Is not the same
As to ask what's best
To preserve in isolation
As a keeper of deadness

But to ask what can keep going
By giving what's given
Its unique evanescence
To sustain the flow
Of what's coming around
In perishable packaging
To have not to hold
For ever

What May Not Be Obvious

Every body is a cavity at heart
Every figure reconfigures both in science and in art
Every face is interfacing from no bottom to no top
Every faith is interfaith that cannot tell us where to stop
Every lining opens inwards as it brings its inside out
Every curtain closes outwards to conceal its inner doubt
Every story ends in opening from some future into past
Every glory is the story of finding first in last
Every aching is the making of another role for play
Every taking is the slaking of another's thirst to stay
Every tiding's no confiding with-out the trust to tell
Every siding is no hiding from the fear of utter Hell
Every flowing is the ebbing of another's world within
Every glowing is the lighting of the darkness in the spin
Every heartbeat is the murmur in the core of inner space
Every drumbeat is the echo of the dance within each place
Every silence is the gathering of the storm that is to come
When Love comes to Life

Within Reach

Here, I am
Calling from within you
To all
Who call
From my heart's desire
To be
Full filled
With nothing less
Than nothing more
Reaching everywhere

Beyond each lingering moment
Of transient life
Spinning around
Me
Turning inside my dear
Embrace
With nowhere further to go
Than somewhere deep inside
Without walls

Within walls
Beyond eye shot
Beneath ear shot

I cannot be pierced
Not even by the fiercest
Assault
Mounted from a place
Without my consent
By those Hell-bent
On reaching my infinite depth
Such a vain, hopeless venture
Not the spirit of adventure
That brings you close
Within my reach
Beyond your grip

Your Welcome

I am here and there in everywhere
You are welcome
To where you find in me
That brings you peace and joy

But if you don't care
For what you find:
If my whispers make you shudder
Feeling lost without a rudder
Sending tingles down your spine
That make you clutch at straws
To keep yourself afloat
Struggling for survival
Against my infinite odds

Your welcome for me
To fill your heart
Will be non-existent
Your rage will be my sorrow
As you cling to thinking of tomorrow
Which is just another day
Like this one
Never ending

So, when I send my messenger
With open invitation

Be sure to know you're welcome
If only you can welcome
His care within your heart

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